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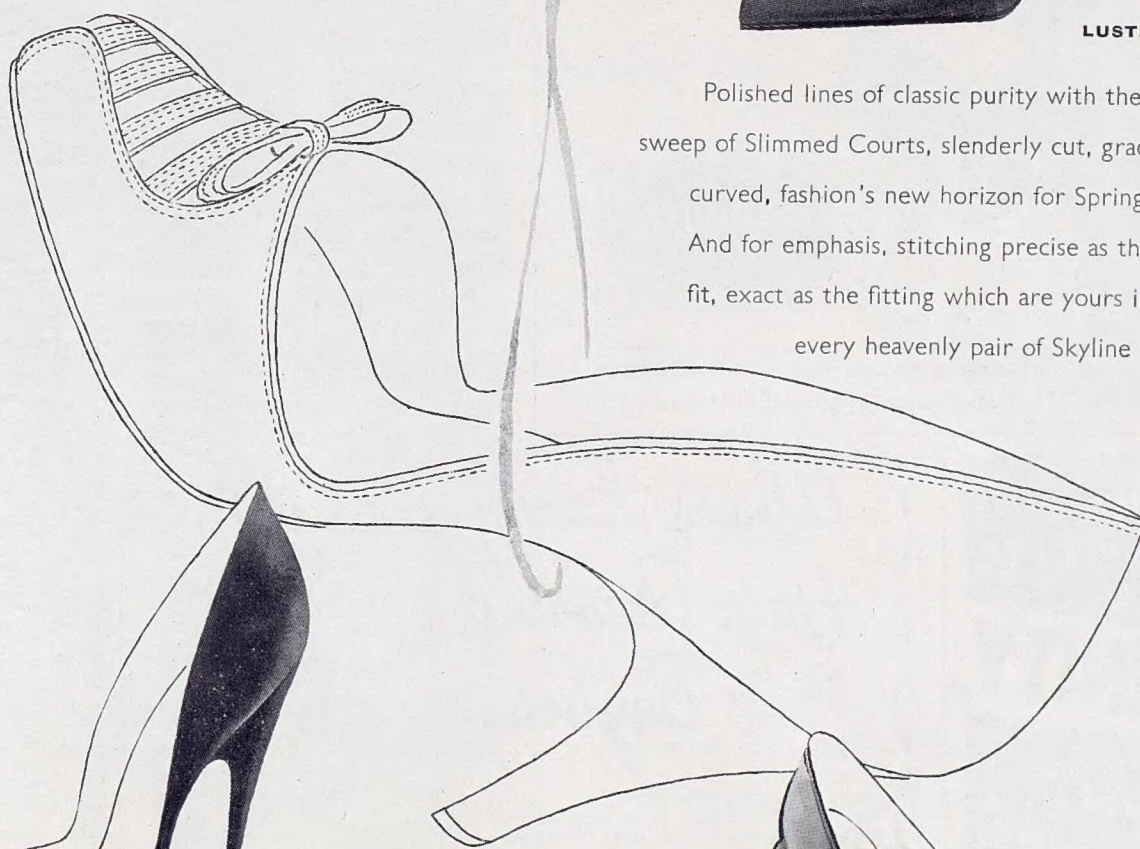
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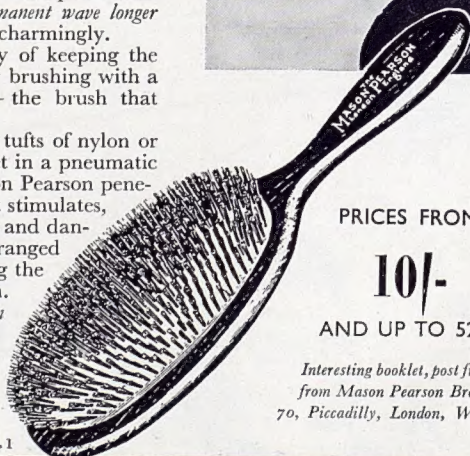
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Michael Dunne

TO MAKE HER CURTSY
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

MISS CARINA BOYLE, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle, of Kendale, Hampstead Lane, London, is a débutante this year and is to be presented at one of the March parties. Jennifer writes of some of the girls who are coming out this year, and of the parties arranged for them, on pages 255-257



WEDDING DAY HAPPINESS was well expressed by Mr. Anthony Sanford and his wife, the former Miss Erica-Mary Blumer, as they waited to greet their friends following their marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square. The reception was given by the bride's father at Londonderry House and was attended by more than 250 guests



In attendance were Miss Patricia Morris, Miss Mary Blakiston-Houston, Miss Phillippa Blumer, Miss Phoebe Blumer and (in front) Miss Belinda Sharwood and Lady Catherine Chetwynd-Talbot



The Earl of Shrewsbury, who proposed the principal toast, drank a glass of champagne with the Countess of Shrewsbury

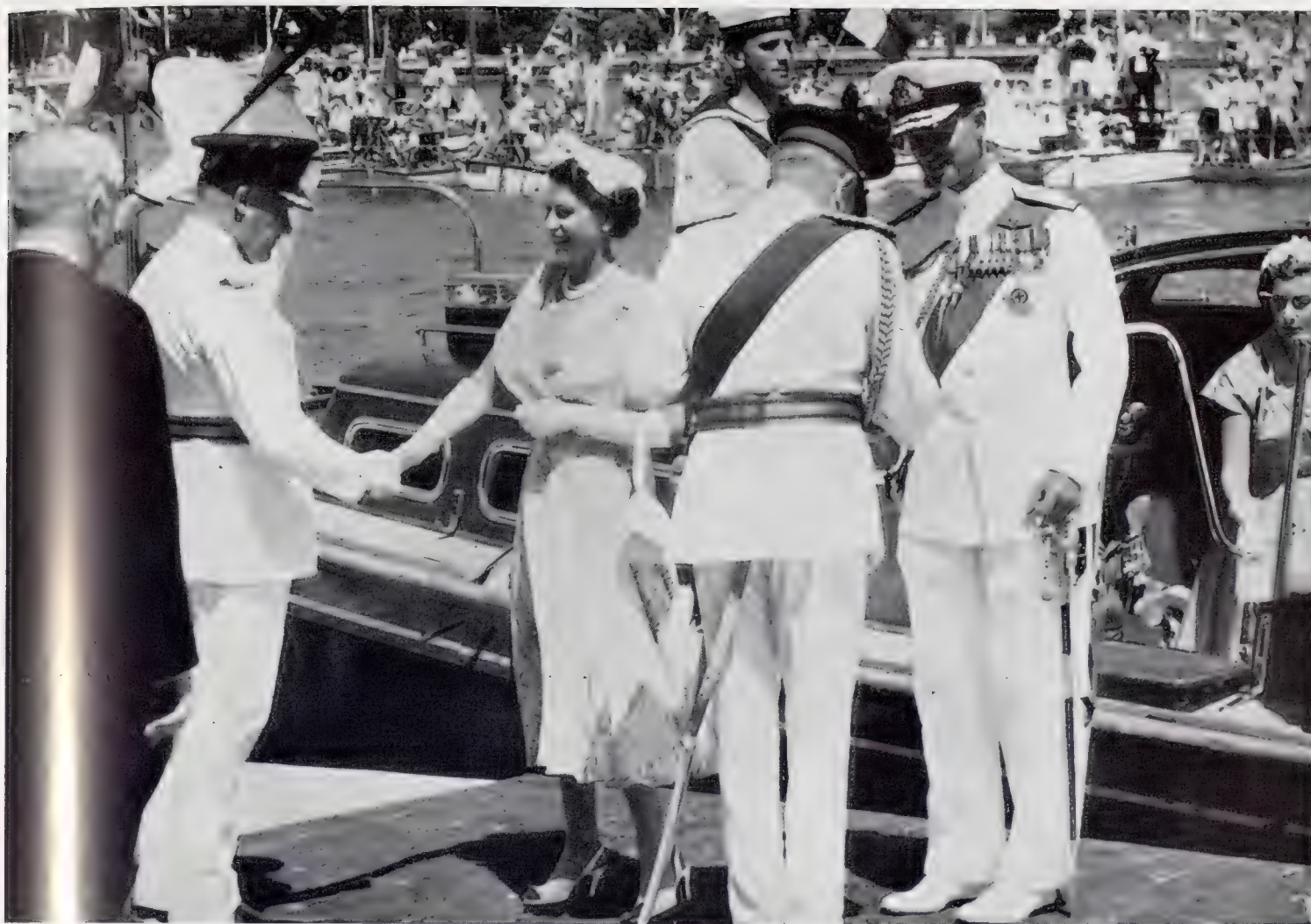


Miss Anne Clifton Wells and Capt. Quintin Pollard had also come to wish health and happiness to the young couple



Receiving were Major and Mrs. G. C. Sanford, the groom's parents, Miss E. Croft and the host, Mr. C. E. M. Blumer, of Abbey Lands, Weston, Stafford

Van Hallan



THE QUEEN ARRIVES IN AUSTRALIA. Stepping ashore from the Royal barge at Farm Cove, Sydney—where the first Governor of New South Wales landed rather more than a century and a half ago—Her Majesty was greeted by Sir John Northcott, Governor of New South Wales, while Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, the Governor-General, shook hands with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Extreme left, Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister

Hostesses Make Plans For The Season

JENNIFER is now *en route* to the West Indies, from where she will resume her *Social Journal* next week. Meanwhile we publish her latest article on the 1954 débutantes, and more dance dates.

★ ★ ★

SINCE I wrote in *The Tatler* of December 30 about girls coming out this year, I have heard of many more who are making their début. Among these are Lady Kathleen Birnie's younger daughter Angela, who is seventeen and a half and at present taking a secretarial course. When she is nineteen she means to start training in physiotherapy at St. Thomas's Hospital. Lady Kathleen hopes to give a cocktail party for her during the summer as she did for her elder girl Susan, who came out last year and had her party in a room in the House of Lords. Miss Verena Dawnay, youngest daughter of Mrs. Cuthbert Dawnay, is also coming out this season. She was recently bridesmaid to her sister Delia, who married Mr. Oliver Millar in the Queen's

Chapel, Marlborough Gate, and had the reception at St. James's Palace.

The Countess of Dunraven and Mount-Earl has her younger daughter, Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, making her début this year. She is giving a dance for her two daughters, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin and Lady Caroline, on July 9 at Petworth House which Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham have kindly lent for the occasion. Mrs. Wyndham is a niece of the Earl of Dunraven.

MISS PAULINE RATHBONE, who came out in America last year, is now studying at Oxford but is being presented at one of the Royal parties. Her mother, Mrs. Paul Wright, is giving a small dance on July 24 at their home in Sussex for Pauline and her brother John Rathbone, who is celebrating his twenty-first birthday this year and is also up at Oxford. Mrs. Wright's first husband, the late Mr. John Rankin Rathbone, was M.P. for Bodmin, Cornwall, until he was killed in the war, when his widow gallantly took his seat in the House for the remaining war years.

Mr. Henry Hopkinson's niece Anne is making her début this season, and her mother Mrs. Francis Hopkinson is giving a dance for her on May 7 at Mr. and Mrs. Julian Day's new

country home in Sussex, which they are kindly lending for the occasion. Miss Jane Ingram, the elder daughter of Mrs. Mervyn Ingram, is one of the most youthful débutantes as she is not seventeen until May. Her mother is presenting her at one of the Palace parties in March and her grandmother, Mrs. Guy Cross, gave a cocktail party for

(Continued overleaf)



MISS ALISON GLOVER, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Gerald Glover, of Pytchley House, Northants, is being presented in March. Her coming-out dance will be at her home on July 16

Pearl Freeman



Miss Emilie Hooke, Mr. Christopher West, the resident producer, Miss Joan Sutherland and Mr. Richard Bonyng, all members of the company, discussing the production



A family party having a drink together were Mr. David Biscoe, Mrs. Guy Biscoe, Miss Deirdre Henty-Shaw the artist, Mr. Robert Seymour-Chalk and Mrs. F. Seymour-Chalk



Miss Rosina Raisbeck with Mrs. Jess Walters, whose husband sang the part of Georges Duval, Armand's father

LA TRAVIATA was recently revived at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, its 225th performance there. Colette Lorand and John Lanigan sang the leads



Lady Wilson, whose husband is Deputy General Administrator, and Mr. Kinloch Anderson drank a cup of coffee after the second act

-The Diaries Fill With Dances

her on her return from Paris a few days ago. Mrs. Cross is also giving a dance for Jane sharing it with Mrs. Maude-Roxby for her daughters Audrey and Lorna at Hutchinson House on May 25.

Mrs. S. S. Hammersley's daughter Philippa is another débutante who is sharing a dance. Her associate is Caroline Keeling, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Keeling, who like the Hammersleys have their country home in Sussex. This event will be on June 23. Miss Caroline Higham, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. R. Higham, will have the advantage of one of her first cousins, Fiona Lomax, coming-out at the same time. They are granddaughters of Lord Hampden.

Miss Sarah Wignall, daughter of Col. F. E. B. Wignall, is another making her début—her step-mother, Mrs. F. E. B. Wignall, is giving a dance for her on May 14. Miss Prue Blakiston-Houston is coming over with her mother from their home, Beltrim Castle, Co. Tyrone, for one of the presentation parties in March, and Mrs. Blakiston-Houston hopes to entertain for her in London during the summer. Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale is bringing out her younger daughter Prue, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Jack Gibbs will be entertaining for her niece Miss Rona McCorquodale, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. Angus McCorquodale. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are very kindly lending Badminton House for Rona's coming-out ball on May 21.

MISS GAY PINCKNEY is another young girl looking forward to her first season and her mother Mrs. Charles Pinckney will be entertaining for her. Lady Starkey is bringing out her daughter Caroline who is sharing a dance with Anna Casey and Caroline York in London on June 9. Mrs. Christopher Vian's daughter the Hon. Mary Stopford is making her début this season, as is Lady Norton-Griffiths's daughter Anne.

Other débutantes who I have not yet mentioned include Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, daughter of Countess Waldegrave, Miss Rosemary Spencer, daughter of Mrs. Ralph Spencer, Miss Jane Baker, Miss Virginia Cayley, Miss Gloria Abbey who is now in Canada but will be home in time for the parties—she is the daughter of Lady Ursula Abbey

—Miss Carolyn Barclay, younger daughter of Mrs. Anthony Barclay, Miss Sheira Grant Ferris, whose mother Mrs. R. Grant Ferris will be giving a dance for her, and Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, for whom a dance is being given during the summer by her aunt the Countess of Listowel.

THE following is the list of dates of private dances and a ball or two which had been finally fixed at the time of going to press:—

April 9—The Hon. Mrs. Schofield for Morar, Ann and Marigold, in Yorkshire. April 21—Mrs. Cyril Wood and Mrs. Nigel Bruce for Clare Bruce at Orchard Close, St. Lawrence. April 30—Mrs. R. J. Crisp for Susan Crisp at Benacre Hall. May 6—Mrs. Stopford Adams for Venetia Stopford Adams at Prestbury House, Hampton Court, Middx. May 7—Mrs. Francis Hopkinson for daughter Anne at Normans, Rusper, near Horsham, Sussex. May 11—Queen Charlotte's Ball. May 14—Mrs. F. E. B. Wignall for stepdaughter Sarah Wignall in London. May 17—Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Lambton for Olivia Barnes and Rosemary Lambton at Stanhope Gate. May 18—Mrs. Donald Maclean and Mrs. Francis Buckley for Belinda Maclean and Gillian Buckley in Cadogan Gardens. May 21—Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House. May 21—Mrs. Jack Gibbs for niece Rona McCorquodale at Badminton House, Gloucestershire. May 24—Lady (Torquil) Munro for Fiona Munro at Hyde Park Hotel. May 25—Mrs. Guy Cross for granddaughter Jane Ingram and Mrs. Roxby for her daughters Audrey and Lorna at Hutchinson House. May 28—Lady Ursula Abbey for Gloria Abbey at Greyfriars, Storrington, Sussex. May 31—Lady St. John of Bleisno and Mrs. Clive Arbuthnot for Vanda Arbuthnot at Londonderry House.

June 3—Mrs. Patrick Brunner for daughter April Brunner at their London home. June 9—Hon. Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Christopher York and Lady Starkey for Anna Casey, Caroline York and Caroline Starkey at the Hyde Park Hotel. June 10—Hon. Mrs. McNair Scott for daughter Linda at Viscount Camrose's house in Carlton House Terrace. June 11—Mrs. Percy Illingworth, Mrs. O'Dwyer and Mrs. Ireland Smith, for their daughters Janet Illingworth, Sally O'Dwyer and

DÉBUTANTES OF 1954 now "finishing" in France, Italy and Switzerland will soon be returning to London to be presented to the Queen Mother. Many dances have been arranged and the season promises to equal in gaiety that of Coronation Year.

Gillian Ireland Smith at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead. June 11—Lady Luke for daughter Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnston (Coronation year débutante) and her son the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston, celebrating his twenty-first birthday, at Hurlingham Club. June 12—Mrs. Tankerville-Chamberlayne and Mrs. Errington for Penelope Chamberlayne and Caroline Errington at Cranbury Park, Winchester. June 15—Brig. Hugh Leveson-Gower's dance for daughter Lucinda (another Coronation year débutante) at Charleshill Court, Tilford, Surrey.

June 16—Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead. June 21—The Hon. Mrs. Orloff for daughter Tatiana Orloff in London. June 22—Mrs. Dorian Reed for her daughter Olivia at Mrs. Arthur Millet's flat in Hans Mansions. June 23—Lady Keeling and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley at Grosvenor House for Caroline Keeling and Philippa Hammersley. June 24—The Hon. Mrs. William-Powlett: Mrs. Geoffrey Coode-Adams and Mrs. Philip Martin, for daughters Mary William-Powlett, Priscilla Coode-Adams and Jane Martin at Hurlingham Club. June 25—Mrs. Cyril Kleinwortz for daughter Elizabeth at Sezincote, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. June 25—Mrs. James Terry for Mrs. Tom Adams for daughters Mary Terry and Joanna Adams at St. George's Hill Golf Club. June 26—Mr. Esmond Baring for daughter Caroline Baring and niece Claire Baring at Abbot's House, Winchester. Cdr. and Mrs. Cunningham for daughter Sally Cunningham at home, Oxfordshire. June 29—Lady Norton-Griffiths for daughter Anne Norton-Griffiths at Hyde Park Hotel. June 30—Mrs. Charles Fane, Mrs. Isaac Capper and Mrs. Nigel Loring for daughter Angela Fane, Romaine Capper and Rosemary Loring at Hurlingham Club. July 1—Mrs. J. Fleming for son Lord O'Neill (twenty-first birthday) and débutante daughter Hon. Fiona O'Neill.

JULY 1—Lady Child and Mrs. Denis Russell for daughters Diana Child and Sally Russell at Chobham Park House, Surrey. Mrs. Peter Daniell for daughter Celia Daniell at Glebe House, Bucklebury, Surrey. July 3—Capt. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Mann for daughters Juliet Kendal and Anne Fenworth-Fish at Summerhill, Tenterden, Kent. July 5—Mrs. Francis P. Tompkins for daughter Lady Rosemary Mackay. July 7—Mrs. C. Peto and Mrs. W. J. Anstruther-Gray, small dance for daughters Elizabeth Peto and Diana Anstruther-Gray at Dorchester Hotel. July 8—Lady (Andrew) Clark for daughter Susie at Hutchinson House. July 9—The Countess of Dunraven for Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin at Petworth House. July 10—Mrs. James Armstrong for her daughter, Carol Lascelles Carr, in Sussex. July 16—Mrs. Glover for Alyson Glover at Pytchley House, Northamptonshire, and Mrs. G. Scott for Cecilia at Alton, Hants. July 17—Mrs. R. Cooke for Alicia at Poland House, Odiham, Hants. July 17—Mrs. Reginald Duthy for daughter Fiona Duthy and niece Belinda Gold at Joscelyns, near Colchester. July 23—Mrs. Newton William-Powlett and Mrs. John Phillips for Sara William-Powlett and Mary Phillips at Mrs. William-Powlett's home, Cadhay, Ottery St. Mary, Devon. Also Mr. C. G. Gooch has his twenty-first birthday party at Wyvenhoe Park, Colchester. Mrs. W. H. Harrison gives a dance for Moya Harrison at Wychnor Park, Staffs, and Lady Jessel one for her daughter the Hon. Crystal Russell at Ladham House, Gouldhurst, Kent. July 24—Mrs. Paul Wright a small dance for daughter Pauline Hammond Rathbone and son Mr. John Rankin Rathbone at Coaters, Bignor, near Pulborough, Sussex. July 26—Mrs. Charles Douie and Mrs. Hodgkinson for Charlotte Douie and Anthea Dundas at the Assembly Rooms, Chichester. July 27—Mrs. Alexander Scratchley a dance for her niece Jane Baker at Binderton House, Chichester.



MISS DIANA CHILD, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Child, of Chobham Park House, Chobham, Surrey, will be among those enjoying her first season



MISS CAROLINE KEELING will have a dance at Grosvenor House on June 23. She is the daughter of Sir John Keeling, deputy vice-chairman of B.E.A., and Lady Keeling



MISS CAROLINE STARKEY, only daughter of Col. Sir William Starkey, Bt., and Lady Starkey, of Norwood Park, Southwell, Notts. Her dance will be on June 9



MISS APRIL BRUNNER, a god-daughter of the late Queen Mary and daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, has been studying languages and music



MISS VIRGINIA CAYLEY will also make her début this spring. Her parents are Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bt., and Lady Cayley, and her home is at Brompton-by-Sawdon, Scarborough



MISS CAROLINE YORK, eldest daughter of Major Christopher York, M.P., and Mrs. York, of Long Marston Manor, York. She is a kinswoman of the Marquess of Linlithgow



One of the younger owners from Northern Ireland, Sir George Clark, Bt., watching the race from the members' stand. Attention was concentrated on the Leopardstown 'chases because of the cancellation of all meetings in England owing to frost



The scene as the tape went up and the field got away. Nearest camera are Prince of Devon, Churchtown, Sandy Jane, Coneyburrow and Killala

IRISH FLIER SHOWED HEELS TO "NATIONAL" ENTRIES

THE green Irish turf (combined with the considerable weights they carried) exerted a braking effect on Grand National and Cheltenham Gold Cup challengers in the testing Leopardstown Handicap. As a result the large crowd of enthusiasts at this good meeting saw a most exciting race won by the eight-to-one home product Icelough by five lengths



The Earl of Fingall (centre), from Killeen Castle, Co. Meath, in the paddock with Lady Fingall and Lt.-Col. R. M. Byers, whose Fort Royal ran in the big event



Mrs. Harry Keogh, owner of Knock Hard, 1953 Cheltenham Gold Cup winner, with Mrs. Vincent O'Brien, owner of Churchtown



Four Irish-trained Grand National candidates were in the race, finishing as follows: Coneyburrow second, Churchtown third, Knock Hard fourth and Overshadow seventh. Heavy going made the race a severe test



Lady Hankinson, wife of Sir Walter Hankinson, British Ambassador to Eire, with Lady Carew



Mrs. Tom Dreaper with the Hon. Mrs. Verney, wife of Maj.-Gen. G. L. Verney and daughter of Lord Bicester



Comparing notes were Mrs. B. T. Stuart from Co. Down, N.I., and her younger daughter, Miss Sally Clark



Mrs. Robert Elwes, from Robinstown, Co. Meath, was chatting with Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., from Limerick

AT THE RACES

The Spring Double

• Sabretache •

FROM now on, until a few days before March 24, the question is going to be: what is to be and what not! Everybody will have his own ideas about the Spring Double and most of them will be wrong, but, for whatever they may be worth, these are mine: for the Lincoln, whichever is backed of Lord Rosebery's pair, Swashbuckler or Fastnet Rock; and for the National, last year's winner—if, that is, he remains sound. There is no doubt about his capacity, but he did throw out a splint, and it all depends upon whether it is well forward of the tendon or otherwise.

It has not troubled him so far, and let us hope that it never will, but it is there all the same. He has got a weight in the National which is not by any means prohibitive for such a big, hefty horse as he is.

The only others which, in my humble opinion, might trouble him are Irish Lizard and Ordnance, who I believed, possibly quite wrongly, ran himself out, but his undoubted speed will serve him very well.

HOWEVER, before March 27 a lot of things could happen and the whole jimbang could break down or come to some other unpleasant disaster. I believe, however, that it would be wise to have both Irish Lizard and Ordnance on our side. As neither of the top weights, Knock Hard or Mont Tremblant are likely to start, it relieves us of a certain amount of anxiety. Mont Tremblant will certainly be a hard nut to crack in the Cheltenham Gold Cup; and if Knock Hard ran in the National, I should be inclined to think that he did not yet know enough about it. After all, Cheltenham can hardly be placed alongside of Aintree. In Ireland they talk of Coneyburrow, and they must know more than we do. His brass band noises did not stop him in the Sefton. He has not been operated upon for that larynx trouble, which I think is a pity, in view of the grand performance which old Cloncarrig put up in last year's National, when, but for that fall when he was close home, he might even have won.

As to the Gold Cup, they will probably make Mont Tremblant the eventual favourite, but I do not quite see why they should, for on the running in the King George VI Chase at Kempton, Galloway Braes beat Mont Tremblant comfortably on the same terms as regards weight difference as those on which they will meet in the Gold Cup. Bar a fall, I cannot see Galloway Braes missing it.

Early Mist will not run at Cheltenham, because he is booked for the National. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother's M'as Tu Vu, who seems to have recovered a measure of his confidence, is a possible and I hope that this is so. Cheltenham may suit him a lot better than the great chase over those Aintree fences.

There is such a lot of luck about the Grand National that the old saying that you ought not to back one until what is left of the field has crossed the last fence sounds to be still very good advice. In the Lincoln we know that we never ought to have a bet at all until we have seen the draw.





TROUBLE FOR AN UNHAPPY MEDIUM. Miss Ashford (Viola Lyel) offers protection to the Rev. Robert Spalding (Harold Goodwin)—whom she believes to have a "second sense"—when Mr. Cattermole (Richard Wordsworth) and Mr. Marsland (Lloyd Pearson) make somewhat unfriendly advances

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"The Private Secretary" (Arts)

IT is more than twenty years since the timorous Mr. Spalding was last bundled about the Christmas stage in London, and his present appearance at a club theatre as a show-piece for connoisseurs surely indicates that his tribulations are almost at an end. Like Lord Dundreary, he will soon be simply a name with a comic echo growing ever fainter.

Dundreary and he are both characters who need never go in search of their authors. They were not created at a desk: they were invented at rehearsal. On holiday in Biarritz in 1884, Charles Hawtrey transformed a German play of which someone had given him a copy into *The Private Secretary*. The result of this holiday task was regarded coldly even by the author, and to read the text is to understand why. Inanity is always being hopefully parcelled up into farces which at once burst asunder and are heard of no more. This might well have been the fate of Hawtrey's holiday effort. The story of the overbearing uncle who insists that his nephew must sow his wild oats before he can be fit to inherit money is merely inane, and it is not so much written as sketched in with spaces left for "gags" and "etceteras." It was in these spaces that the young and upcoming actor, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, got to work.

HE wandered into the part of the pale young curate and invented it as he rehearsed. Every catchword, every bit of business was his. The historic blue ribbon of the Temperance League which the curate wore in his buttonhole was a last-minute inspiration. It was torn from his wife's dress as he was waiting to make his first entrance. The thing was given an important lift by an actress who accidentally shed an underskirt and blushing threw it away in sight of the audience.

Her misfortune enabled the curate to put his head in at the door through which it had been hurled, saying in modest trepidation, "I beg your pardon, but I thought I met a petticoat on the stairs." Those were the days! Tree's happy improvisations made the play. After a few months he went on to an altogether bigger triumph as Macari in *Called Back*, resigning his part and his "gags" to Penley. So well did Penley do with them that on this casual venture

Hawtrey cleared £100,000. He lost it all on the turf. Those were the days!

It was by "gags" and "etceteras," in fact by acting opportunities made for actors by actors, that a piece almost unbelievably packed with inanity got bang into the midriff of one generation and went on hitting the same soft spot for at least half a century.

But for the last twenty years it has been clear that its hitting power in provincial theatres and pier-head pavilions has been losing force and this is the right moment for the Arts Theatre to stage a modest but serviceable revival.

London's club theatres have several lines open to them. They can experiment with new dramatic forms, introduce foreign drama and let the minority playgoer see plays which, though they cannot hope to appeal to big audiences, are nevertheless plays of originality and distinction. But even the minority playgoer is human, and he likes on occasion to be shown some roaring farce which the majority theatre has nearly run to death and is like soon to be forgotten.

HE cannot, of course, look for perfect casting in such revivals. In the Rev. Robert Spalding's day curates were not hearty young men who enjoy an afternoon at Twickenham and can down a pint with the best. They were pale, innocent and quavering. They spoke of Bath buns with gently yearning relish. Milk was then their tippie and the acidulated drop their consolation. Mr. Harold Goodwin is admirably adroit in his picture of the good little man in awful trouble, but he is a little too tough in fibre for the joke to make its full effect.

Mr. Richard Wordsworth suggests the comic ferocity of Old Cattermole, but he is really too tall, too thin and too muscular for the peppery, paunchy, liverish creature he is supposed to be. Mr. Lloyd Pearson likewise foists a changeling on the farce, delightfully as he transforms the fierce M.F.H. into a highly respectable business man brooding with sly but fearful satisfaction on his wild youth. Indeed, only Miss Viola Lyel as the soulful spinster is exactly right—and yet the old genial riot remains enormously enjoyable.



ALMOST A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Sidney Gibson (Harold Kasket)



MARYON LANE AND DAVID POOLE, leading members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, are seen in a movement from Alfred Rodriques' very dramatic work, *Blood Wedding*, based on the famous play by the Spanish poet Garcia Lorca. The Theatre Ballet have recently started an eight-weeks tour of the provinces, after which they will sail for South Africa for a three-months visit—a return home for Miss Lane and Mr. Poole, who both come from the Union

London Limelight



Showman of the Year, Jack Hylton, congratulates Actress of the Year, Dorothy Tutin

Discoveries and Illuminations

THE Variety Club of Great Britain has acclaimed, by illuminated testimonial, Mr. Jack Hylton as the Showman of 1953 and Miss Dorothy Tutin as the Actress discovery. These awards may seem a little surprising to those of us who have been pointing out Miss Tutin's talents since she first appeared some three years ago at the Boltons, and (as Mr. Hylton himself indicated in his own case) to the Duke of Norfolk. At the moment we are indebted to the impresario for *Wish You Were Here* and *The Love Match*, among other items, but the Al Read show is opening on February 25th at the Adelphi, and this certainly holds a high promise. Mr. Read's fame rests, for Londoners, on his outstanding radio performances. Here is a comedian bringing a new slant on the passing pageant, and already his trick of aggressive repetition is providing the country with a new set of catch phrases. No comic could hope for a better augury.

"THE MOTHER," the last play by Karel Capek, was written in 1938, the year in which he died. It is now being revived at the Embassy and great credit is due to the Hawtrey management for their enterprise. At its first production the shadow of Hitlerism was already falling over the dramatist's homeland, Czechoslovakia, and the theme—the biological pacifism of the female—is just as appropriate to-day.

Karel, collaborating with his artist brother, Joseph, hit the early 'twenties like a bomb. Of all their works, *R.U.R.* made the greatest impact and merits a good revival even more than *The Mother*. Perhaps the difficulties in staging make it a problem, though the lavish hand of Basil Dean, as displayed at the St. Martin's in 1923, is surely not an absolute essential.

NEXT week will see the publication of a new history *East End Entertainment*, from Arthur Barker Ltd.. The author, A. E. Wilson, lists seventeen theatres in that area built since 1576. Of these only one—the Theatre Royal, Stratford—survives to do business as originally intended. We are all the poorer for these losses and the celluloid inroads. I once saw Ernest Milton's presentation of *The Witch* in Whitechapel, followed the next week by *Thérèse Raquin*, in which he appeared in a red wig and offered the most horrific death-bed scene, vivid to me yet, with an audience as remarkable as the players. Mr. Wilson is not only a historian, but what used to be called a good gossip, so we are sure of a great panorama of those fascinating days when local melodramas, written at £3 a time, ran with immense success for a single week.

—Youngman Carter



THE PRIME MINISTER'S GRANDCHILDREN, Nicholas and Emma Soames, are seen in the grounds of Chartwell, Westerham, Kent, with their father, Capt. Christopher Soames, M.P. for the Bedford Division of Bedfordshire. Their mother was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill

Topham



AT MEGÈVE, FRANCE, Carolyn-Clare and Ashley Meyer, children of Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., of the British Embassy, Paris, and Lady Meyer, were greeted by the local "bear" after ski-ing down from Rochebrune

Talk Around the Town

How like the fate of the English* to set the world a standard in naval and military tailoring, then to shrug themselves away from any such ostentation in favour of berets and khaki rompersuits, only to find the rest of the world now clamouring for bigger epaulettes, more cocked hats, and swords more heavily gilded than ever.

The Americans are the ones now in the market for swords. I am sure the officers will look very nice with them. We have given them Sam Browne belts for the purpose in our time (also the Nazis, of course), basic

battle-dress, sky-blue cloth for airmen, and to U.S. naval officers our uniform intact, so that it is difficult at a few yards to tell any difference.

Some high U.S. Army officers—General Patton was one—have even elaborated their own versions.

Now the Canadian Army, perhaps jealous of the Mounted Police glamour, are going to have scarlet and blue full dress. I am not quite certain of how the uniform position stands in Moscow since the demotion of the generals, but at last picturing they seem very fancy, and their epaulettes are the biggest ever seen outside Ruritania.

The Royal progress is also, incidentally, encircling the Empire with top-hats, grey ones if possible.

* Savile Row, I hasten to point out, is in England—not in Scotland, Ireland or Wales.

"BOMBSHELL," "traitor," "rebellion," "waging war," "double-edged weapon," "truce." I extract these words from a long story on the front page of my evening newspaper. About the Mau Mau? Or Korea? Or Malaya?

No, indeed, for the story starts thus: "All Paris is asking why Dior has capitulated on the vexed question of whether skirts should be shorter."

What a comment on our times!

The use of bloodthirsty and belligerent language to whip up interest in a cricket match, or a football game can be understood, if not forgiven. But how this way of describing things has managed to enter the scented salons of fashion is beyond my comprehension.

I suppose one way to achieve a better balance would be to encourage the reporting of bloodshed in daintily feminine terms. "General Tomnoddy made quite an original departure in tank advances to-day, the tanks being garlanded with spring flowers, offset against a background of *couleur de rose*, the new black berets of the crew looking so debonair and chic."

ANOTHER little feminine puzzlement has arisen since Mr. Somerset Maugham referred in his birthday broadcast to the practice, until 1914, of having programme-cards at private dances.

Ladies with memories for such things hastened to inform readers of *The Times* of Mr. Maugham's error.

Such things disappeared in the 'nineties from proper Society, although they may have been seen later in such places as "Kensington or Maida Vale," wrote one lady.

Never in such places as Stafford House, Norfolk House or Devonshire House, averred another lady. I can assure the letter-writers that the practice persisted during the early 'twenties; indeed, until the death of the big houses. However, let us put into the witness-box Mme. de Balsan, the former Duchess of Marlborough, writing of the mid-'nineties.

"It was the custom then to have cards upon which your partners wrote their names," she declares in her recent biography. "I can still recall the surge of gratitude (at a ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House) with which I welcomed the first man to do so."

RECENTLY a distinguished conductor gave me his views on the need, if any, for waving a baton before a band.

"I've often wondered if they wouldn't play better if I wasn't there," he said. "Especially in the kind of programmes

FAMILY SEAT

Lord Siskin, Susan Farleigh's father,
Adored to ride to hounds—or rather,
Seated in comfort in his car,
He'd watch the hunting from afar;
He knew too well (from friends, of course)
That he looked dreadful on a horse;
Having, with title, lands complete,
Inherited the family seat.

—D. B. Gurrey

which pull in people nowadays—Tschaikowsky, with a little Wagner and Elgar."

"You must understand that the *real* qualifications necessary now for a successful conductor is to get into a libel case, or divorce suit, or go bankrupt—or achieve headlines in some way. Nine-tenths of the average audience doesn't really know whether the playing is good or bad, even although they enjoy themselves. Conducting opera is different. In opera someone waving a baton is more or less essential, although there are some singers who put their trust in the orchestra playing sufficiently badly to cover up their vocal errors."

He warned to the subject of dance bands.

"There, I think, a conductor is *absolutely* essential. Dance music depends almost wholly on the tempo required by the dancers in the particular place. The music is not marked, as it is in symphonic scores. Without someone keeping an eye, and ear, open, the boys can easily go wild."

MY Maria Theresa dollar—which serves me as a paper-weight—has met one of its own kind from east of Suez.

It came out of the pocket of a friend back from the Red Sea area, where the dollar, or *thaler*, is still used as currency, particularly by the Arabs and Abyssinians.

He was told there might be £25,000,000 of these coins bearing the head of the great Empress, and dated 1780.

The farthest east my dollar has ever gone is Tower Hill, where it was brought into being by the Royal Mint a couple of years ago, in pursuance of a yearly contract.

The owner of the east-of-Suez dollar alleges that if there is not an actual mucking-up machine, then the newly-minted coins must be subject to an ageing process. Certainly his specimen might easily have found its way from Vienna through long years.

It is an odd fancy that Maria Theresa's name and distinguished profile should be perpetuated in darkest Africa—and dirtiest Asia.

COVENT GARDEN gets its Sadler's Wells ballet back again next week after an absence of many months.

A member of the company who was on the enormously profitable tour of North America told me an extraordinary thing: that on the whole continent there were only four theatres suitable for the staging of the kind of large-scale classic ballet which is the principal stock-in-trade of the Wells.

The first of these, of course, is the Metropolitan (always a reminder to me that New York is really an old city). Then there is the San Francisco Opera House, the Civic Opera in Chicago (erected by Mr. Insull before his unhappy financial end) and the Boston Opera House.

Tastes change in stage spectacle.

None of the American musical comedies at Drury Lane has required half the available stage space. They were designed for the theatres of land-hungry Manhattan. Gone is the old Hippodrome, where once I saw a show in which six elephants and a complete ice-ballet and Pavlova with her company were among the huge cast.

AT mid-point in Act II. of the revival of *La Traviata*, at Covent Garden, I was quite suddenly struck with regret that Mr. Bernard Shaw had not got together in time with such a librettist as Mr. Edward Dent and evolved a "basic operatic English."

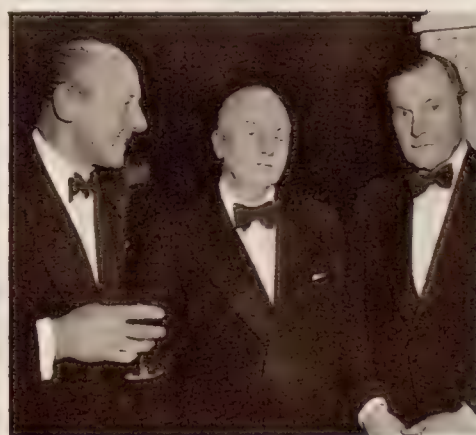
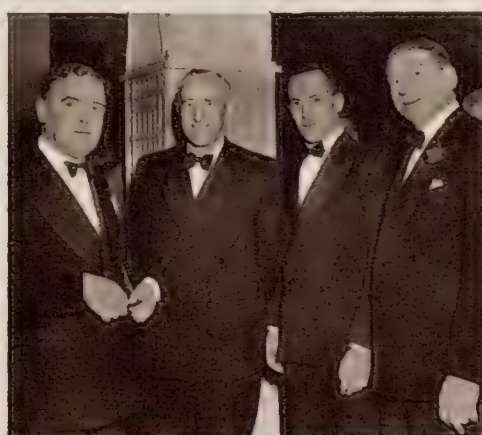
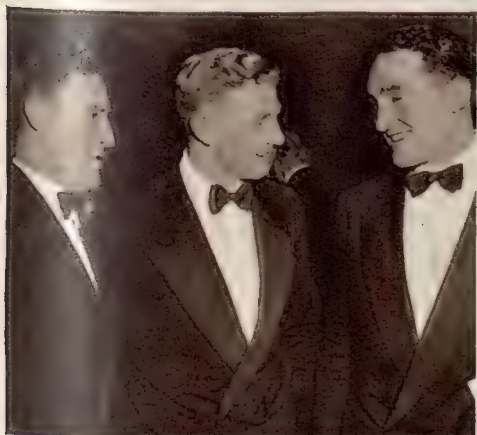
A torrent of mellifluous Italian sounds (or German, or French) would be interrupted at some musically suitable moment with a roundly declared "*No! I cannot LOVE you!*" or such words as would set English ears on the right cue.

By some such system, the bulk of the score could be sung in the language for which the composer wrote the music, whether the singer was Greek, Abyssinian or Czech—but who could yet be taught basic English in a couple of rehearsals.

I hasten to add that this is no reflection on the delightful "Marguerite" of Mlle. Colette Lorand, a newcomer, nor on one of the most immaculate productions in the Garden's repertoire.

This revival was on a Saturday night. An analysis of the occupants of stalls and circle would be interesting. I would put the dominant language as American, and the proportion of British-born as less than 25 per cent. Covent Garden continues to attract some of the most fascinating audiences in London.

—Gordon Beckles



Rugby Football Enthusiasts Dined in London After the England v. New Zealand Match at Twickenham

Three England Players, Mr. G. Rimmer (Waterloo), Mr. E. Evans (Sale) and Mr. A. R. Higgins (Army and Liverpool)

Mr. W. C. Ramsay, R.U. vice-president, Mr. J. N. Millard, Mr. R. C. Stuart, N.Z. Captain, and Lt.-Col. F. D. Prentice

Others at the May Fair were Mr. J. E. Greenwood, Sir Frederick Sellers and Lord Freyberg, V.C.



A visitor from Italy, the Duchess Elena Serra Di Cassano, an expert skier, sets off down the Wasserngrat slopes



Mrs. Lennie Clews and Mr. Tigrane Matosian were laughing together in the brilliant afternoon sunlight



Mrs. Walton MacConnell, from California, on the terrace of the Palace Hotel. Later she left with her husband for Klosters



One of the loveliest and oldest of the Alpine villages, Gstaad looks like the inspiration of a Brueghel painting. In the foreground a horse-drawn sleigh makes its way to a hotel

SUNSHINE AND SNOW IN A SWISS VILLAGE

GSTAAD, known as the "Queen of the Bernese Oberland," has again attracted many winter-sports enthusiasts to enjoy its sunlit slopes and customary Swiss hospitality. Nine ski-lifts, hockey, curling and skating, as well as dancing and various gala nights, contribute to the pleasures of this Alpine resort.



Baron Edmund Von Loe, son of Countess Alvarez de Toledo, and Piero Mancini, grandson of the Marchese Strozzi, waited their turn for the chair-lift to Wasserngrat. They are both at school at Le Rosey



The Marquise de Cramayel, whose husband is a grandson of the late Sir John Latta, Bt., with her daughter Dominique



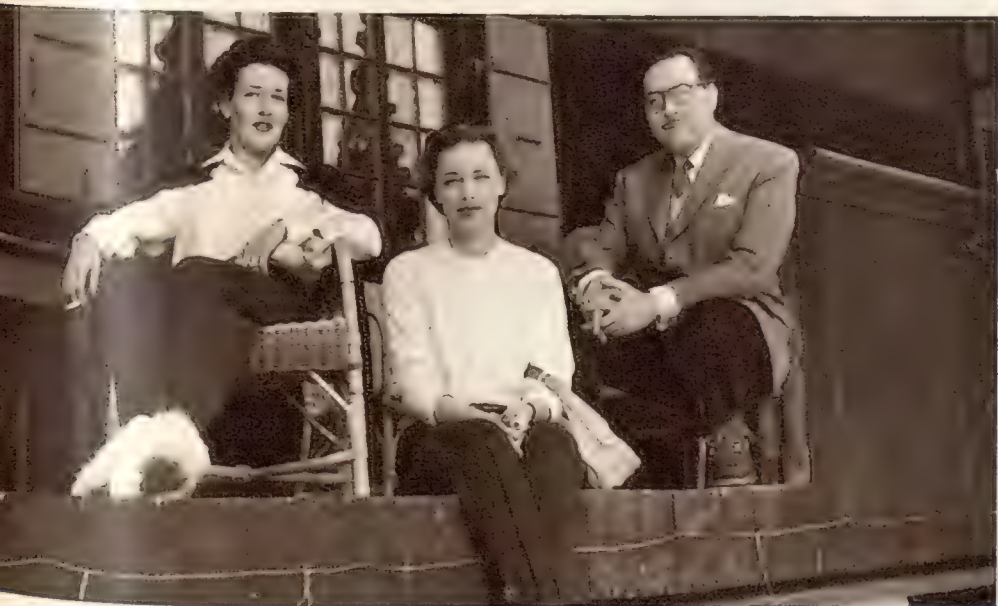
Miss Ann Spaull, junior ski champion in 1953 was among the competitors in the British Ladies' Ski Championships



Mrs. L. Rawlings and her daughter Patricia were others who were acquiring a fine sun tan



Mr. Guy Lawrence and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett



Relaxing on the terrace of a chalet after their morning on the ski slopes and before luncheon was served were Mme. Robert Bull, Mme. Pierre du Pont and M. Pierre du Pont

Brodrick Haldane



DINING OUT

Supper With Our Leading Ladies

OMELETTE ARNOLD BENNETT—which is a frothy, *baveuse* affair done with haddock—was given its name because the novelist was not only fond of it but found it easy to digest as a supper dish.

The choice of a safe supper is perhaps more of interest to the middle-aged and onwards; but it is likely to provide some surprises at any age.

Some years ago three young gentlemen took out three of the original American "Les Girls" for supper at a night club. It was not the wholly gay affair imagined. For one of the beauties ordered tea and toast, one some patent digestive drink (unobtainable), while the third asked for a big glass of cold milk.

The other day a West End restaurant presented its menu to a number of actresses and asked them to select a supper of their choice with a 12s. 6d. limit. The results were mixed. Fried sprats, followed by a mixed grill and cheese at midnight, would kill some folk; but that was the menu selected by Miss Dora Bryan.

MISS VALERIE HOBSON started well with an *œuf cocotte à la crème*, and then moved to a *pilaff* of lobster, shrimps or prawns, following this with pineapple and kirsch. Quite elegant, and appropriate to a leading lady of musical comedy.

Miss Vanessa Lee, another musical comedy star, thought that potted shrimps, grilled cutlets and fresh fruit salad would be satisfactory. And, indeed, most of these ladies took from the menu of the Washington something grilled.

What to drink with all this is another matter altogether. Some find champagne late at night quite deadly, whether or not drunk out of a slipper. One of the greatest of all musical comedy beauties often ordered a bottle of stout in smart night clubs—this was Miss Lily Elsie.

I HAVE been sent some of the new crop of Jaffa grapefruit, and, at the risk of Imperial Preference, must confess I have never tasted more delicious fruit.

Too often does one come across only a shrivelled half, in which nestles a maraschino cherry. Part of this is, of course, due to opening the fruit too early. The process of cutting them is second only in skill to the opening of an oyster, for the juice is too often spilled.

This is the time of the year when it is important to eat as much fruit and salad as possible. Where do all the tangerines go after Christmas? Are they packed away with the decorations?

—I. Bickerstaff



MME. THEO DE PREUX is the daughter of the late Mr. Walter Mermod and of Mrs. Charles Goodwin. Her stepfather, Mr. Charles Goodwin, was a former British Consul-General in Zurich, and her father-in-law, M. René de Preux, was for many years Chancellor of the Valais. M. and Mme. de Preux have three sons. This photograph was taken in the drawing-room of their beautiful home, Le Petit Ouchy, Lausanne

F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

"Jealousy!" Chanted The Audience

FRANCE's new President is being broken to harness gently. The first strike—or strikes, since it was a concerted affair—of his seven-years-hard only lasted a few hours. As usual it was the working class that bore the brunt of the trouble. The magnate who gets to his office around ten o'clock does not worry when his personal mail arrives at his home half-an-hour late, but the stenographer who is obliged to leave her top-back room before the dilatory *facteur* delivers the daily effusion from the boy friend is not so pleased.

When the treasuries of the *Sécurité Sociale* open an hour later than usual, it is the poor people anxiously awaiting their dole who suffer. Only the wage-earner who has to clock-in is seriously bothered when

suburban trains are late, Metros and buses few and far between, and taxis indifferent to the beckoning umbrella. The C.G.T., like the Law, is an ass.

France seems to be taking the Cotys to her heart. (This is the friendly, democratic way I heard them referred to the other day.) The satirical weeklies have jokes and caricatures at their expense, of course, but the man on the boulevard has let it be known that these must be kept within bounds.

ONE evening last week a famous and usually witty comedian was booed for having commented too freely on Madame's *embonpoint* and housewifely qualities. But the booing turned to laughter when it was noticed that the singer had a hole in his sock and a button missing from his coat! "Jealousy! Jealousy!" chanted

the audience. "Go home and get your missus to do a bit of mending!"

At time of writing there looms the menace of another strike. The bakers threaten to shut down unless the price of bread is raised. This is worrying. What will the bread-eaters do without their basic fare? Perhaps Mme. Coty will re-edit Marie Antoinette's wisecrack about the *brioches*, but let us hope she suggests hot-dogs, which would be a teaser for the butchers as well as the bakers!

WE are at time of writing enjoying (as you have been) another of those nice healthy cold snaps that are so popular . . . on paper, and, unless one is roughshod, walking is perilous. In town the slippery spots are patchy, and therefore unexpected. One trips along, careering against the wind, on a dry, clean-swept stretch of pavement when, turning a corner, one suddenly haps on a patch of not-so-good and "off we go in a flung festoon," while—to stick to the spirit of the citation—the "jealous moon", looks down and grins.

Thus to the first night of a new operetta, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, on the coldest night of all. Cars were piling up like spillikins on the frost-glazed boulevard. Canny folks who came by Metro—the station is a mere 100 yards from the theatre—were hugging themselves; those yards were pretty gusty and the hugging was physical as well as spiritual.

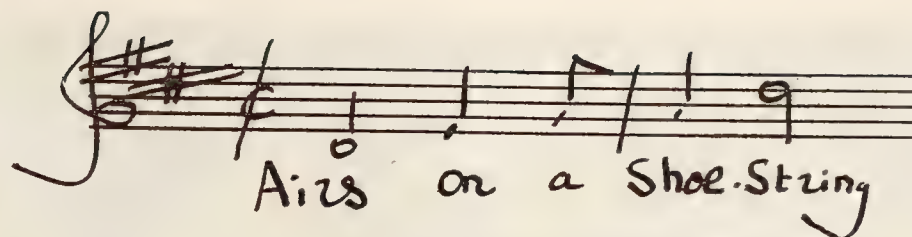
SUCH a befitting musical play for an Arctic night! *A la Jamaïque*, music by Francis Lopez, book by Raymond Vincy and played by the prettiest *mädchens* (without uniform) in Paris. When the curtain rose on the sunbathed setting of "a villa at le Touquet," the audience gave a blissful sigh and shed the last of its outdoor wrappings. Even a few bare shoulders emerged.

Throughout the evening we basked. From le Touquet we were taken to Jamaica *via* the Canary Isles. When we were saturated with sunshine, silvery moonlight on seashore and plantation refreshed us. We were dazzled and delighted by a team of the loveliest lovelies I have seen on any one stage for a long time, two of the most attractive being dark-eyed Gisèle Robert and long-limbed Geneviève Barreyre. Both are brunettes, which is a pleasant change from the sempiternal blonde-by-persuasion. The stars are: Jane Sourza, in her own right Queen of *comédiennes*, and in the show an hilarious Queen of the snack-bars; Jacques Morel plays opposite her. In the rôle of a "fashionable author" he makes us chuckle with his witty imitation of a certain famous author-actor-playwright-filmwriter and producer.

This was so warmly blissful an evening that when we went out into the cold, cold night we hardly noticed that the thermometer had dropped to 14 (Centigrade) below zero . . . and we went home purring!

Enfin!

● Roland Toutain, the film star who is something of an acrobat, comes face to face with a lady in a narrow passage; she dodges from side to side. "If you will kindly stand still, madame," says the actor, "I will jump over you!"



Donald Swann's original MS. of the theme—

L AURIER LISTER'S assembly of talent in the wittiest of London's revues has not been equalled since the Charlot Shows of thirty years ago. *Airs on a Shoestring* now nears its 400th performance at the Royal Court, and The TATLER presents a *bonne bouche* of its delights →

"Different from the Rest" might well be taken as the main theme of the whole revue



Moyra Fraser's famous gesture with her hair provides an intimate keynote to her personality as one of the most subtle of to-day's dance stylists



"Oh, life in Nepal's been appalling for Sherpas with no wish to climb!" Max Adrian as the shirking Sherpa in a new number by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, added since the revue originally opened

REVIEWING INTIMATE REVUE: WITS ARE STILL ABOUT US

IN the theatre world the battle for long runs does not always mean the survival of the wittiest, but with *Airs on a Shoestring* London's claim to appreciate the finer points of satire, decoratively expressed, is well established. From the derationing of sweets to current posing of fashion models the foibles of the town are lampooned for our delight

"Snowman
gives Pa
tunity

Denis
present
compos



"Rumba" gives the company a chance to display in the matter of carefree dancing in a vividly exciting setting



The opening number sets the style and the pace for the evening. The owl perched on Max Adrian's top-hat has made a comfortable nest within, adding the requisite note of fantasy



a number which showcases an opportunity for nostalgic charm



Sally Rogers as a gold-digging vamp, and Betty Marsden as her maid in "Ice," by Jimmy Wilson



Peter Reeves, Max Adrian, Charles Ross and Bernard Hunter to Britten," which shows that although our home-grown achieve world fame, they cannot emerge entirely unscathed



Houston Rogers Moyra Fraser suggests that her feet never quite touch the ground in her solo presentation of assorted dance moods. Here she changes her personality with the same speed as she switches from one hat to the next

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

Coo, what a chance, we thought, reading the drab official reply ("Probably behind the Iron Curtain") to that M.P. who asked the other day in the House what has happened to Britannia's two missing diplomats. A great fruity roar of "KIDNAPPED BY THE FAIRIES, BOY!" was clearly indicated, if only to discourage all similar questions henceforth.

And of course it's quite possible. Apart from the leading case of the Rev. Robert Kirk of Aberfoyle, Perthshire, abducted by the Little People in 1692 and still missing, we once met a rather fey girl kidnapee who had apparently just been returned by the fairies, like Mary Rose, and, at a certain stage of the party, kept trying to fly back to them. It used also to be believed in New York, especially in the Yale Club, that a trip to Fairyland explains the more mystical lyrics of Dorothy Parker, such as the one beginning "If I had a shiny gun." However, having gathered from exquisite Mrs. Parker some time ago that any bout with the elves should be a closed chapter in a home-girl's life, our lips are sealed.

Footnote

ANOTHER elfin type spoken ill of by returnees is a small fairy from Leeds named H. Smith, who scares the pants off hard-girls-to-hounds for life, as a sporting Victorian poet complains:

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men . . .

Hunting-girls thus "mischiefed," a member of the Quorn tells us, are often trailed by tiny, courteous, smiling, two-headed Japanese chartered accountants mounted on miniature steam tricycles; a great annoyance. Yess, pleass? No, pleass? Gee-orn awaa-aay!

Fireworks

IN Swift's *Polite Conversation* (1738), which the Dean affirms to be jotted down verbatim by himself at fashionable dinner-tables, Tom Neverout asks Lady Smart if she has heard that my Lady Queasy was lately seen at the

playhouse, incog. Lady Smart, much diverted, asks if he is sure.

NEVEROUT: Poz, I saw her with my own eyes. She sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz. And she saw me look at her.

COL. ATWIT: Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

"Poz" means positively, "bamb'd" is taken aback, "hipps" are hypochondria or the vapours; the point being that Lady Queasy is a prude and the play a raw one. The Colonel's crack being typical of a long, long, witty exchange, we would suggest that a chap recently complaining that polite conversation is dead is whiffing through his beaver. Equally brilliant talk with the latest slang may be heard at smart dinner-parties today, the only superior advantages enjoyed normally by a guest of *ton* in Queen Anne's time being that you could spit on the carpet, criticise the food and wine, scratch yourself, with or without an ivory back-scratcher, yawn, choke, sneeze, laugh loudly, take snuff, carve your own meat, indulge in rudery with the ladies, eat with your fingers, order the servants round, insult your host, mix your drinks by the bumper, and be carried out by footmen, to the polite amusement of all.

Most of these privileges have lapsed—if you scratch yourself at smart tables nowadays they take you for a highbrow book-critic—but the wit remains. Or so a fashionable chap was telling us.

Bouquet

POOR, reckless, rude, lowborn, untaught, bewildered, and alone, a heart with decent instinct fraught we yet can call our own. And when we discovered a charming Parisian dress-model paying you white men the truest and prettiest of compliments the other day, we may say this wild undisciplined Celtic heart carolled like a little singing-bird. She told the Fleet Street boys that Englishmen are "so restful." *Tu parles. Toto!*

It was not clear if our fair visitor's survey of London's more fashionable night-resorts has enabled her yet to distinguish between catalepsy and rigor mortis. Fixed, glassy eyes and total immobility often signify nothing but coma, as many Americans have discovered to their embarrassment at Lord's, and chaps apparently dead have been known to take the observer's breath away quite suddenly, like the sahib in the Chesterton story when somebody at dinner mentioned the Café Anglais in Paris. ("Over-rated place," said a certain Colonel Pound, speaking, by the look of him, for the first time for some months.") The Colonel's fellow-guests were probably as dumbfounded as the Angel of Death when he tiptoed out of the Athenæum library one day in 1863 after a brief glance round, mumbling apologies.

Afterthought

TO the Celt, who jabbars and gibbers all day long, the marble rigidity of the white man is, we don't mind confessing, a matter of sullen envy, like—now it occurs to us—your trousers. As the bard sang in a bitter *englyn* when the National Museum of Wales acquired its wellknown specimen from the Carlton Club:

HOP AND CARRIE—By Roy Davis



O my grief! Bandy are my legs,
Sick is my heart for lordly Saesneg pants,
Bearing the sacred stigmata of Savile Row;
Uch! Uch!
Even on the Archdruid they look like ruddy
melodeons.

Hence those "blind hysterics of the Celt" to which Tennyson objects, the well-tailored old puss.

Nutshell

FOR the benefit of chaps who can't make head or tail of current economic jargon, which includes numbers of the economist boys themselves, we reproduce a scrap of conversation overheard last week in a cocktail-bar which seems to us to pack the whole fumble-bumble and fiddlemere into a nutshell:

"Old George is doing pretty well nowadays."
"Oh, yes?"
"Making a pot of money."
"Oh, yes? Whose?"

Here, chicks, we seem to get right down to bedrock. Why economists evade such a simple, clear *exposé*, we gather, is that they think the memsahibs may be listening. Fake-delicacy is of course their strong suit. For example, in Bagehot's wellknown banking treatise, *Lombard Street*, the hasty reader is tricked in the last chapter into assuming that wedding-bells are about to ring at last for poor little Amabel Maltravers, whereas close study reveals that marriage with Amabel or any other of his hapless girl victims is the very last thing a swine like Sir Jasper would ever dream of.

His fellow-directors at the Bank would, in fact, laugh him to scorn ("Ha, ha, ha") for so doing. Say what you like, such cynicism allied to such hypocrisy cannot but revolt anyone who cherishes our heritage. (Long moody silence.)

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Mrs. H. L. Patch, wife of Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Patch, A.O.C. II Group, G/Capt. P. H. Hanley, Officer Commanding R.A.F., West Malling, who received, with the guests of honour Lady De L'Isle and Dudley and Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C.

ORIENTAL THEME AT WEST MALLING BALL

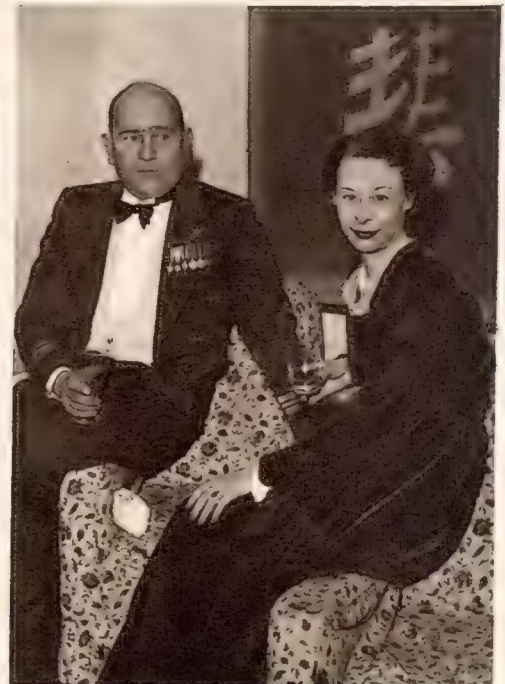
WHEN officers of the R.A.F. Station, West Malling, Kent, gave their winter ball, they arranged most unusual decorations, with Chinese symbols and statues. More than 300 guests, among them the Secretary of State for Air and his wife, braved the icy conditions to be present and were well rewarded with an evening of unusual gaiety



F/Lt. Kim Hall and Mrs. F. Wilson sat out between dances and had a chat over a cocktail



F/O. A. J. MacKinnon, Mrs. A. J. MacKinnon and F/O. Cringle enjoyed a joke together before going on to the dance floor



Other guests at the very enjoyable ball which continued well into the early hours were S/Ldr. and Mrs. J. R. Larkan



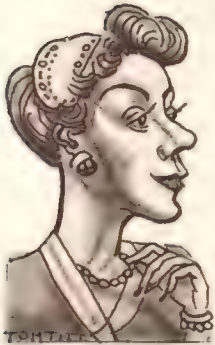
S/Ldr. T. Thomas, Miss Pat Reeve, Miss Joan Child and S/Ldr. Bob Hazell gathered for a drink during one of the intervals



At the buffet were Mrs. W. Hoy, G/Capt. J. M. Thompson, Mrs. S. C. Elworthy, Mrs. J. M. Thompson and A/Cdre S. C. Elworthy

Swatche

At The Pictures

Great Star
Is Wasted

Edwige Feuillère, whose brilliance shines through a trivial story

PARIS: Living in France might, I suppose, make it possible to become unaware that Edwige Feuillère was the most magical star since Garbo. A brief visitor could have no priority sights to see before Feuillère on the Marigny stage, and in her latest film, *Le Blé en Herbe*.

Thereafter it is difficult not to temper rightful adulation with irritation that the French cinema so seldom finds films worthy of this lovely actress.

Presumably *Le Blé en Herbe* will come to London, censor permitting, to be criticised in due course. It starts with every advantage, in addition to Feuillère: direction by Autant-Lara (of *Le Diable au Corps* and the much gayer *Occupé-Toi d'Amélie*) and a story by Colette.

Lovers of Colette may disagree, but I found this study of adolescence a weak Colette; that is, full of the defects but not the qualities of her art.

THE 16-YEAR-OLD hero (finely played by Pierre-Michel Beck), floundering into love with his fifteen-year-old girl-friend, by chance meets Madame Feuillère. She seems to be a grass widow, living wealthily and mysteriously without apparent servants, husband or lovers to hamper her cradle-snatching, and the young man is soon aged "sixteen and one night."

Their first brief encounters have some of the authentic Colette mockery. But Autant-Lara's lush style soon smothers wit, very much as he drapes Feuillère in one trailing garment after another. Ravishing, of course, she is. But to use this wonderful creature to encompass a schoolboy's downfall is rather like inviting a *Cordon Bleu* chef to make a consignment of Turkish Delight for the nursery.

At least *Le Blé en Herbe* offers delights, if of a rather sickly kind. Yves Allegret, most melancholic of French directors, can never have intended anything delightful by *Les Orgueilleux*.

Entertainment of a censorable nature has long been regarded as an essential French export. My recent visit has made me wonder if the French have not grown to regard this class of export as a rather burdensome duty.

French friends of various tastes whom I consulted about the films I must see on my short visit assured me that although they hated both these films I positively must see them.

Certainly it would be preferable to hear Edwige Feuillère recite nursery rhymes than nothing at all. Why anybody should be entertained by a French film about an outbreak of cerebro-spinal meningitis in a Mexican village, where only despair and bugs drive Michèle Morgan and Gérard Philipe (as the community drunk) into each other's arms at the end, I see no reason at all. Or why it is called *Les Orgueilleux*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

WHIRLWIND KATE
RETURNS ON 3-D

Three years ago the musical *Kiss Me*, Kate started its long West End stage run at the Coliseum. Now it heads the list of new films which M.-G.-M. are showing at the Empire, Leicester Square, for the five-day Festival celebrating their thirtieth year in pictures



The premiere will be at the Empire on Monday, when H.R.H. Princess Margaret has promised to attend, and proceeds will be in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Thereafter a different film will be shown each day until Saturday, February 27, when *Kiss Me, Kate* will start its regular run at the same cinema. Above are the stars, Howard Keel as Petruchio and Kathryn Grayson as Katharine, in a typical scene from this high-spirited 3-D colour production.

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Now that's the sort of picture I like. No nonsense about having to recognise anything."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

HE had bought a baby car, and the next week he drove it back to the showroom.

★ "I want all the wheels taken off," he said, "and replaced by four big ones." Then he added angrily: "I'm not going to have every beastly dachshund that passes barking through my windows." ★

THE town boy trying to make himself useful on the farm was asked to go and milk the cow. An hour afterwards, he returned with a beautiful black eye.

"How did you get that?" asked the farmer.

"Milking!" came the reply.

"But you couldn't have!"

"Oh, yes, I could. The cow kept whisking her tail in my face. . . ."

"Well?"

"So I tied a brick on the end of it."

ONE dark night two owls were perched together on an exposed branch. They sat snuggled up together, talking happily. Suddenly a heavy shower drenched the pair, and the male bird at once lapsed into a sullen silence.

The female owl tried to get him to talk, but he refused to pay her any attention. Finally she asked: "Don't you love me any more?"

The muttered reply came: "Too-wet-to-woo, too-wet-to-woo."

INTO the Army kitchen walked the Colonel. "Attention!" the mess sergeant roared. All sprang to attention except the new recruit cook.

"You, there?" said the Colonel, "why don't you stand up when the command is given?"

"Sir," was the reply. "I have just started this recipe, and it says: 'Don't stir for twenty minutes.'"

Flying

Where the U.S. Leads

• Oliver Stewart •

My favourite book has just arrived. It bears the uninspiring title: *Records Officiels Homologués*, and it is issued at intervals by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. In my opinion, this book gives the careful reader an insight into the true aeronautical standing of the different countries. It shows who is leading and in what. And the first thing we have to observe is that all five absolute world air records are held by the United States of America.

The indication is that America is far in front in all matters of absolute performance. I think that is a true fact and I also think that it is a serious fact for Britain. For Britain's air defences depend upon her ability to send into the air at any time aircraft which will outperform all possible opponents in speed and climb. In the past we used to cling desperately to our pre-eminence in speed and climb. Look at the effort made to win and keep on winning the Schneider Trophy. Now no comparable race stirs our modern Mitchells and we attack world records only intermittently.

On the other hand, the record of the *Records* shows that Britain is well placed in modern transport aircraft. If one studies the point-to-point records, the "*records de parcours*," one finds that out of a total of 46 in the general class (there is a sub-class for light aircraft), Great Britain holds no fewer than 30. Needless to say, our old friends the de Havilland Comet and the Vickers Viscount are well to the fore in this list. Even more convincing and more notable is the sub-class of point-to-point records for commercial routes. Here there are 15 officially listed, confirmed records and all of them, repeat, all, are held by Great Britain.

Although, therefore, we have reason to wonder what is going on in the development of extreme air performance, we also have reason to be proud of the achievements of our jet-engined machines and especially our jet and turboprop-engined transports in the point-to-point classes.

A rather curious group of records appears near the end of this great work; they are for parachute jumps. Here 15 records are listed, and every one is held by the Soviet Union. One is especially noteworthy; it is for a delayed drop, and the distance of the free fall before the jumper opened his parachute was over 9,700 metres, or roughly 32,000 ft.

It was a good idea, introduced I think by Mr. Peter Masefield, to give credit to the airpioneers by naming aircraft after them. B.E.A.'s aircraft in this way remind us of the men who did the early work and helped to



FOUNDERS OF AIR TRANSPORT in Britain are being commemorated by the naming of B.E.A.'s "Pionair" class after them. Here is the nose of the machine christened "Sir Samuel Instone" after the great Director of Imperial Airways, who died in 1937

make air travel a success. Captain Alfred Instone showed me the other day a photograph of a B.E.A. "Pionair" aircraft named after his brother, the late Sir Samuel Instone.

Sir Samuel Instone was working on the development of commercial flying at a time when it was indeed difficult for any operator to achieve regularity and safety. It took a good deal of courage in those days, not long after World War One, to express practical faith in the use of aircraft for passenger carrying. After all, before 1914 everybody who went into the air was looked upon as a lunatic.

And again I must return to my old theme, the value of the work done by the pilots of

those days. They were not nursed with elaborate instrumentation; they had few rules to comply with; they had little advice or information to help them. They frequently set off on their journeys without having any reliable information about the weather at their aerodrome of destination. Many of those pioneers are still in aviation, mostly on ground jobs. Few people remember them. Yet their part in establishing air transport was a large one.

While I am looking back, an event that requires mention is the paper read by Mr. Joe Smith at Southampton in memory of R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Schneider Trophy winners and of the Spitfire.

I went down to the Southampton lecture, which was admirably organised by Mr. D. B. Smith, and found it enthralling. Joe Smith, now chief designer of Vickers Supermarine, not only gave us a record of the aircraft designed by Mitchell, but he also contrived to give us a picture vivid of the man himself—retiring, humorous, ready to listen, yet severely practical all the time.

And there was the best gathering of famous pilots I have seen for years; with R. L. R. Atcherley, S. N. Webster (winner of the 1927 Schneider Trophy) and Sir John Boothman (winner of the 1931 race). Sir Ralph Sorley paid his own special tribute to Mitchell. Sir Ralph was introduced by Sir William Farren as the man who made the decision to instal eight guns in our Battle of Britain fighters.



AT THE FIRST MITCHELL MEMORIAL LECTURE: Lt.-Cdr. M. J. Lithgow, R.N. (ret.), Dr. Mitchell, son of R. J. Mitchell, Air Marshal Sir John Boothman, Sir William Farren (R.Ae.S. president), Mr. Joe Smith, Air-Cdre. S. N. Webster (ret.) and Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley



Howard Coster

HUMPHREY BROOKE, who was appointed Secretary of the Royal Academy two years ago, is the youngest son of a Yorkshire landowner and industrialist. Following a distinguished scholastic career at Magdalen, he became Assistant Keeper of the Public Record Office until the war, during which he served in the K.R.R.C. Afterwards he was for two years Controller of the Monuments and Fine Arts Branch of the Allied Commission for Austria. Before his present appointment he was Deputy Keeper of the Tate Gallery, and in the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. He married Countess Nathalie Benckendorff in 1946, and they have two daughters



Bassano

MRS. VINCENT CRONIN, here with her small daughter Sylvie, is the wife of the author of *The Golden Honeycomb* (Hart-Davies; 16s.). She is the only child of Comte and Comtesse Jean de Rolland, and her father-in-law is Dr. A. J. Cronin, the novelist

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Story Of A Bloom In A Hothouse

FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *THE CROOKED WALL* (Cape; 10s. 6d.) is the Book Society's choice, and one cannot wonder. This is a novel, sub-titled "A Victorian Story of Love"—and what, exactly, the author means by this adds further mystery to the story. Does Lady Mackenzie wish to indicate, simply, that here is Love Among the Victorians, or is she proposing to show us the tender passion in a peculiarly Victorian light? Does she reproduce the Victorian way of seeing? I think, not—nor can I believe that it was ever her aim to do so.

Her characters speak, dress and comport themselves as our grandparents probably may have done; but their creator's attitude to their goings-on is, in a gentle way, totally modern. She preserves throughout, for one thing, a detachment which is at once frightening and fascinating; her moral commentary is nil. Whereas the true Victorian novelist was, as I remember, always deeply embroiled—black was black, white was white, and the reader was being commanded, at every turn, either to admire or to denounce.

JUDITH, the youthful heroine of *The Crooked Wall*, is presented to us, then left to sink or swim, both in her fortunes and our estimation. She has a heart-shaped face, not unlike, as her friend Bertha remarks, that of the Romney Lady Hamilton. Has she the temperament of the fatal Emma? No; hardly—Judith is more a type whose life is to be peopled with fatal characters: like a charming reed she leans and sways before every wind, whether gentle or rough, which blows. Everybody

dominates her just a little, but we doubt whether anybody will ever dominate her finally.

Such women are of all time; they were, perhaps, most themselves in the sunny hothouse of the well-to-do Victorian age. At any rate, she is the ideal heroine—engaging, a touch perplexing and never tiresome. Lady Mackenzie's attitude to Judith is that of a mother determined to let a daughter lead her own life, making a point of not interfering but unable to help feeling a trifle anxious; and this is an anxiety we share. Wonder as to whatever is to become of Judith keeps one reading at high speed through *The Crooked Wall*; and in that sense the novel in its subtle, un-vulgar and fastidious way, is what we are all looking for—a spell-binder.

WE first meet Judith and her red-haired and to-be-lifelong friend Bertha at an establishment for young ladies in Belgravia, in the 1870's. "Establishment" is the word rather than school, for the bevy of girls, under the charge of Miss Leech and Miss Sabine (known as Pussy and Pom), go out for their education elsewhere. Board, chaperonage and social tone, with an admonitory discipline, are provided by the partners and their lieutenant, funny little Miss Coppin.

This Belgravia part of the story is wholly charming; grimness is to strike for the first time when nasty little Beatrice falls downstairs. Schooldays over, Bertha goes to visit Judith in the latter's opulent Suffolk home—a charming, irresponsible father, his somewhat ambiguous housekeeper, Mrs. Grace, and a golden-whiskered, newly-acquired *fiancé* are now the visible figures of Judith's world. The sterling Bertha scents trouble, and she is right. For in the background is Mr. Ivery.

Mr. Ivery, one must face it, is there for keeps. What Lady Mackenzie means us to think or feel about Mr. Ivery I don't know: it is indeed with regard to him that her non-committal attitude most appears. This fifty-year-old aesthete and scholar has been met by Judith in the course of a tour in Italy, and he is to queer for the girl two successive marriages. Granted, both her youthful husbands were bores—one is killed steeplechasing; one meets his end in a way which lands her in a horrible situation. I deplore Mr. Ivery as a *beau idéal*—his one hope would be to be a man of mystery; and as to that, Lady Mackenzie has ruined him by giving us an excerpt from his journal, a thing of tepid emotion and prissy thoughts. I would dare to say, she would have done better to have left us to see Mr. Ivery from the outside only. Judith, however, loves him: be that enough! And, indeed, given the situation in which her passion places him, this discreet gentleman cannot be always envied.

As a story, *The Crooked Wall* saunters along its way with a misleading, beguiling air of inconsequence. Each scene is pictured with a delicious clarity. Only when the tremendous climax appears does one look back and realise how, from the first, the author has been laying her tracks towards it. This is what I call artfulness. No reviewer should betray secrets: I therefore utter no warning word, beyond saying—pray do not underestimate, as did some of her charges, little Miss Coppin.

★ ★ ★

THE VENETIAN BRIDE, by Magdalen King-Hall (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), is yet another novel with whose aid you and I may defy the mid-winter blues. Here is drama, effective scenic contrast (the sombre West of Ireland, glittering Venice) and insight into enigmatic behaviour. Once again, Miss King-Hall sets her story in that eighteenth century she knows so well, and in a world of great family houses, most of all solitary in their pride, most of all haunted by some fatality.

Turbulent as may be the emotions of her people, wayward or rash their actions, dire the fates which threaten them, this author has never yet given us a depressing book—for her heart goes out to her fancy loves, everything gallant and adventurous. In the end, in spite of adversities, youth wins; good spirits make for good fortune—though never all at once, never easily. The art of story-telling involves suspense: we have that in plenty in *The Venetian Bride*.

Ned Gascoigne, hero of the tale, is in his own way a complex character—he has, for one thing, had an unhappy childhood, which might have set up any kind of neurosis. His beloved but melancholy home, Fantry, stands all alone, overlooking sand dunes; his father, a dissolute Irish baronet, has upon the death of Ned's mother, taken into the house an

[Continued on page 288]





John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

THIS good, honey-coloured tweed three-piece by Travella is called "Eton" and "Harrow." It has a wrap-over jacket held by a narrow black belt, a straight skirt and a full-length, loose-fitting top-coat lined with black crêpe. We feel this is an ideal ensemble for the business woman who wants something warm and comfortable to wear to and from work and also something in which to appear elegant for a one-o'clock lunch date. "Eton" and "Harrow" cost 11 gns. each and come, respectively, from Marshall & Snelgrove's Coat and Suit Departments. This firm also stocks the little black felt sailor, an Aage Thaarup model, price 69/6

—MARIEL DEANS

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

IRISE without enthusiasm on Saturday, surveying with loathing the ice-lined windows, before which my children are chanting ecstatically, "Look at the lovely ferny pictures!" I retreat shuddering to the bathroom, and for some time encase myself in clouds of steam and hot water. I am of the firm if unorthodox opinion that the way to keep warm in cold weather is to charge yourself from outside sources which will carry you, at least for a period, over the rigours of unheated passages and even, if there is no alternative, the open air.

RISING, comfortably replete with stored heat, I pull automatically at the waste-pipe. Instead of the usual gurgle, splash and grunt I am greeted first by an abortive spurt of water from the overflow, and next by ominous silence. Surely this cannot be happening to one so careful to keep the house warm—my pipes could never be frozen...? But inspection reveals that the bathroom outlet pipes, carefully arranged, as in all the best British houses, on the draughty side of an outside wall facing north-east, are festooned with icicles.

THE plumber, appropriately dressed in his best for the other half of his career as local undertaker, assures me with his usual flashing smile that what with the burst boilers and the rush of funerals he's that busy he can't do nothing about pipes—and anyway all I can do is wait for the thaw. He adds,



gaily, that ninety per cent of frozen pipes burst when it thaws and a nice mess that'll be. I telephone six other plumbers, all of whom laugh hollowly and say that what with the frost they haven't had a night's sleep for days and don't expect to, and I had better wait for the thaw.

POSSESSING an awed respect for expert authority—and also having had my bath—I am prepared to be pessimistically philosophical about the situation. My spouse and helpmeet, however, without one or the other, mutters that if I or any plumber imagine for one second that he is going without a bath for one day, let alone the duration of the cold spell, we

(Continued on page 280)



For mornings at home, or for an early night after the theatre with supper on a tray, Miss Haythorne wears this pretty cotton house-coat from Harvey Nichols. Pale green, printed with a grey and white flowered pattern, it has quilted patch pockets, a zip-fastened front, and a sash to tie round the waist.



For a luncheon date with her producer she wears a navy blue suit in fine worsted rep, a little navy blue straw hat trimmed with white gardenias, a mink tie, and a pair of fine, white, french kid gloves. All from Harrods

"A LONDON ACTRESS"

MISS JOAN HAYTHORNE, who recently played the name-part in the melodrama, *A London Actress*, at the Arts Theatre, and who has been heard several times in Saturday Night Theatre on the radio, shows on this and the following pages the sort of clothes the well-dressed London actress of today finds useful for the various occasions of her off-stage life

—MARIEL DEANS

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

are in for a sad disappointment, and proceeds to bustle purposefully round the house.

As there is no school, B. and L. are at once set to bailing out the bath into a basin outlet which for some reason hasn't been frozen. Cheerfully discussing what would happen if the tank in the loft froze and there was a real glacier down the stairs, they slide happily about the bathroom floor deciding only *after* their shoes are soaked through that they would have done better in rubber boots. In the meantime self and spouse boil kettles, cram the waste pipe with salt, and pour down boiling water. Nothing happens except that there is more for the children to bail out.

On his mettle, spouse then decides that the pipes can't be frozen inside the house because it's too warm—and that if they are frozen outside they are within reach and can be thawed. The only thing to do is to attack from outside. Pipes concerned are draped like a wistaria trunk several feet out of range of our only steps—spouse vanishes up the road and returns with impressive borrowed ladder. We then spend a tense ten minutes boiling more kettles, climbing up the ladder with them, and



pouring the contents over the jungle of pipes. Nothing happens except that my own calculations as to what insurance companies are likely to pay for scalding due to boiling water poured from the top of a ladder are dispelled by the fact that any water spilled freezes almost before it reaches the pipe.

"WHAT this thing wants," spouse announces, descending with empty kettles, "is a *prolonged* application of heat." Refraining from remarking that this is what we really want ourselves, I seize the opportunity to suggest that it would have been a good thing if we'd bought that electric blanket after all. He retorts with the sound rendered as "Tschah!" but from his expression it is obvious that an idea has taken root. Muttering "Hot-water-bottles!" he returns to the kitchen.

FOR the next half-hour we boil more kettles and fill hot-water-bottle after hot-water-bottle, while at the top of the ladder spouse and helpmeet stands, tenderly holding bottles muffled in a rug round the bunch of pipes, and eager acolytes run between ladder-top and kitchen exchanging cooling bottles for new, hot ones. At last, with a rending crash, the ice breaks up and gushes down the pipe, and the air is loud with the rustle of spring. . . . My husband descends into a torrent of congratulation, and, with the pleased expression of one who has worsted both experts and elements at one blow, retires to take his bath.

—Diana Gillon



For a Sunday night supper party—Debenham & Freebody's beautiful midnight-blue silk faille dinner dress. Trimmed with two enormous blue and white chrysanthemums, it has covered shoulders, a closely moulded diaphragm and skirt fullness that springs from unpressed box pleats



Hans Wild

"A LONDON ACTRESS"

FOR a country weekend Miss Haythorne wears a camel-hair waistcoat and slightly flared skirt under her cosy, rose-red wool jacket with its nicely rounded shoulders and deep collar. Beneath the waistcoat she is wearing a long-sleeved wool taffeta shirt-blouse with a Paisley patterned scarf tucked into the neckline. Her entire outfit comes from Jaeger



Designed as a variation of the "Horse's Tail" coiffure. The hair is shaped into contrasting petal curves across the forehead to offset the severity of the drawn back tresses at the top and sides. This is secured high at the back of the head where it sprays into a mushroom of curly wisps



This looks better. . . .

TEENAGERS LOOK

WE were waiting for the school train to come in, and in the interim—I was late as usual—discussing our daughters. "They grow up so much earlier these days," said one mother a little wistfully. "What with teenage dances, teenage parties and teenage dresses, they are out of school stockings and into nylons before you know where you are—if you see what I mean."

"One thing *I* wish," said another mother, "is that someone would think up a few simple but attractive hair styles. If they are old enough to wear long dance frocks—as they seem to do now at such an early age—their hair ought to be in keeping. As it is, it often looks *awful*."

The train came in, and, amidst the hugs and the greetings and the avalanche that poured from the carriages I glanced round and agreed. No doubt at all about it, I thought. What is all right with school



Two variations are shown for Sylvia. The hair line, not being well defined, a side parting is made towards the crown from which a balanced oval effect is then obtained. The movement on the forehead is simple and youthful



A softly curved coiffure giving fullness at sides and back and having light pirouetting wisps above the forehead. This type of hair responds particularly well to brushing



... Don't you think?

NEED NOT UNTIDY



For the young girl with unresponsive straight hair: to counteract the natural heaviness of texture and colour the hair is treated with a razor "effleurage" to achieve a well-defined, sculptured line. This is designed round the crown of the head, and has a "piquant" motif on the forehead

hats—which are frightful anyway—is all *wrong* for more dress occasions.

THINK of this, I went, when the holidays were over to have a talk with my good friend, Mr. Alex. of Antoine, who, as I know, has a very special feeling for youth. He talked of young people with sympathy and great understanding. "Teena," he said, "is a trying time. We can all remember it, and that feeling of being betwixt and between—neither fish, fowl nor good red herring. There is a great need, in those years, for anything that engenders confidence, and few things do this for a young girl more than the knowledge that she is looking nice. This," he said firmly, "is not *vanity*, it is a necessity. It is part of the sunshine that young plants need to make them bloom. Uncertainty, on the other hand, is a blight that causes shyness and acts as a blight."

(Continued overleaf)



A style with simple flowing lines closely following the shape of the head. Modest in design, the gentle curving movements at the ends give depth to the downward sweep from the crown of the head. A small bow may be introduced here if thought desirable



Another photograph of the same coiffure, showing the moulded sweep from the crown and the softly curved ends brushed upwards into springiness and buoyancy



A simple, youthful coiffure designed for the girl with a high forehead. A caplike effect is broken by the forward sweep of a very light feather fringe. The sides and back are firmly brushed into a light froth of curved ends



Bold, undulating movements, closely following the line of the head and terminating in a forward sweep over the temples, give simple character to this shapely coiffure for the young girl with straight hair

Continuing —

HEADLIGHTS ON YOUNGER GIRLS

We talked about the *health* of the hair, and I asked why it is that the hair so often seems out of condition in growing girls. There is, it appears, a variety of reasons. Partly the age, or it can be due to glands, or to some lack in the system which a doctor can often rectify.

Diet, in Mr. Alexis's opinion, plays an important part in the health of the hair, as it does in the health of the skin. Those who suffer from greasy skin and hair should refrain from eating fried or highly spiced foods or an excess of chocolates (sorry about this). Plenty of liquid—plain water in particular—is desirable, also fruit juices, especially the citrus fruits. Green vegetables and salads, too, are very helpful. Dry skin, and dry hair, call for a diet with plenty of fats. Milk is highly beneficial because, apart from its fat content, its calcium composition builds up not only bone, teeth and nails, but *hair*.

As regards external treatment of the hair, Mr. Alexis stressed the importance of hygiene. "Young girls," he said, "often shampoo their own hair, which is all right if they do it *properly*. But they *don't*. In the first place they often fail to rinse it sufficiently, and this leaves a deposit on the scalp. Even worse, they do not *wash* it properly." He explained that washing the hair, especially if it is greasy, is like washing a dish. All the rinsing in the world will not make it clean, unless the initial grease has been got away first.

Hair of the oily type needs at least two, and perhaps even *three* shampoos before rinsing. If it squeaks in the hands when the whole thing is finished, then you know it is really clean. It should be washed at least once a week, and twice if necessary. Some people might think this too often, but I was assured that if the oil is excessive, constant washing can only be beneficial.

The choice of the shampoo is important, and it is wise to seek the advice of a good hairdresser



A variation of the style above. A side parting is used to give a curving sweep across the front of the head, the ends of which are lightly brushed back on to the brow. The sides and back are again brushed into a fullness of curved ends

before use, since he is better able to determine whether a soap solution or a detergent is the more suitable. The very dry lustreless type of hair will probably be benefited by the former, while greasy hair usually reacts better to the latter.

Seborrhea, or excess of sebum (a natural oil used by nature as a lubricant for skin and hair) is the cause of many hair troubles seen on teenagers, and this is often accompanied by the distressing skin complaint known as acne. There is also a dry scurfy condition known as pityriasis, in which the hair is frequently very split. Mr. Alexis was reassuring as to the ways and means by which, under expert supervision, all these things can be successfully corrected. "Every effort," he said, "should be made to eradicate any trouble there may be, before doing anything else. Health first. Style second."

At the end of our long and interesting talk, I asked him if he could suggest a few attractive and suitable styles for teenagers, to which he replied, "I will do more than that. I will design some specially for your readers and have them photographed for you. I promise."

I think when you look at the photographs on these pages, you will agree that he has kept his promise handsomely.

—Jean Cleland

The shaping is designed to make the most of a natural tendency to curl. By cutting into the curl, the health of the hair is enhanced and a variety of simple and attractive lines can then be achieved by the use of the brush. The four pictures here show how the head then appears from different angles



A practical and easy-to-manage coiffure, youthful in design and expressing simple unsophistication. From a centre parting the hair is shaped into natural undulating movements at the sides and back

A variation of the last named, brushed higher from the parting and falling into softly curving ends on each side of the forehead. This is most becoming for fine, silky hair

ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Sara Jane Coryton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Coryton, of Greatham, Hants, is to marry Capt. C. E. T. Davies, Royal Dragoon Guards, son of the late Sir L. Twiston Davies, and of Lady Twiston Davies



Miss Phyllis Jean Hazeldine, daughter of Mrs. M. Hazeldine and of the late Councillor C. E. Hazeldine, of Wilmslow, Cheshire, is engaged to Mr. Ian R. A. Pym, son of Mr. T. Pym and the late Mrs. Pym, of Brighton



Miss Gillian Margaret Lawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, of Hawkhurst, Kent, has announced her engagement to Lt. John Westwood, R.N., son of the late Major Westwood, M.C., and Mrs. Westwood, of Wimbledon, S.W.19



BUCKNALL—BECKINGHAM

At St. Peter's, East Tytherley, Wilts, Capt. R. C. Bucknall, The Royal Dragoons, son of Lt.-Gen. G. C. Bucknall, of Walden Farm, near Salisbury, and of the late Mrs. Bucknall, married Miss Diana H. Beckingham, daughter of Mr. R. H. H. Beckingham, of Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and of Mrs. J. Preston, of West Tytherley



KEARNS—ANDREWS

Mr. Stephen Lumsden Kearns, only son of Sir Lionel Kearns, of Crossways, Altrincham, Cheshire, and of Mrs. Rene Martin, of New York, and Miss Jane Mary Andrews, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Andrews, of The Bank House, Sunningdale, Berks, were married recently at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



CASE—ALEXANDER

Capt. R. T. Case, The Duke of Cornwall's L.I., son of Lt.-Col. C. E. Case (retd.), of Llechryd, Cardiganshire, and the late Mrs. Case, married at Empangeni Miss Diane Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander, of Empangeni, Natal, S.A.



WERNER—WILKINSON

Mr. Edgar F. Werner, of Chelsea, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Werner, of Westerham, Kent, and Miss Denise Yvonne Wilkinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilkinson, of Hilcroft Avenue, Purley, Surrey, married in London



TAUBE—TUDOR

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Baron Nils Otto Taube, son of the late Baron Axel Taube and of Baroness Taube, of Hogarth Road, London, S.W.5, married Miss Idonea Tudor, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Owen Tudor, of Ash Court, Hothfield, Ashford, Kent



FOREMAN—BERRY

Dr. J. Maxwell Foreman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Foreman, of Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand, was married at Bedston Parish Church, Cheshire, to Miss Audrey Berry, twin daughter of Mrs. B. H. Berry and of the late Mr. A. Berry, of Oxton, Birkenhead, Cheshire



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Book Reviews (Continuing from page 276)

FATE WAITED IN A DARK PALACE

outrageous peasant mistress, one Sibby Cottle: this virago and her swarm of relatives are not only dispersing the Gascoigne fortunes but bringing Fantry itself into low repute. The small boy grows up as best he can—as a youth, he ventures into society, to be ridiculed by a smart young lady from London. His father's death leaves Ned face to face with financial chaos. On the advice of a friend, he closes Fantry (though not, he hopes, for ever) and sets out to make the grand tour abroad.

FOR the youthful baronet, it turns out, more than foreign sightseeing is in store: on his way to Paris chance brings into his life a lovely and sympathetic Frenchwoman—happiness with Clementine does much to untie the knots in his temperament. But tragically the idyll terminates; he is left with nothing but memories and her fan. He arrives in Venice in no mood for pleasure, but at the same time seeking to drown his grief. The Venice chapters are excellently done—partly dazzled, partly mistrustful, the Irishman ends up once again involved: fate is waiting for him inside a darkened palace. Caterina, the bride he is to bring home, is after all no flaunting Italian beauty but a gentle girl with a puzzled heart.

Estrangement (whose cause we are not to know till the end) saddens the beginning of the marriage: the bride is to find she has two rivals, a dead woman and a great gloomy mansion—for Ned's passion for Fantry (saved by his wife's dowry) bids fair to become obsessive. The *dénouement*, in the weird sandstorm, could not be more dramatic: for the dire and almost incredible end of Fantry there is, Miss King-Hall tells us, foundation in fact.

★ ★ ★

THE CRETAN COUNTERFEIT by Katherine Farrer (Crime Club, Collins, 9s. 6d.) is a story of intrigue among archaeologists. It is, I feel, to be recommended even to those who do not normally favour detective stories on the strength of its picture of Cretan excavation. Passions run high round Minoan treasure, and if a taste for Minoan art exists in you, thanks first to Sir Arthur Evans, you will enjoy its part in Miss Farrer's plot. The scene of the story is not the "dig" but London, to which the Worral party have returned—one to meet, one just to escape, an unnatural death.

Exactly what *had* gone on in Crete, between Sir Alban, his devoted disciple Janet, and his assistants Shrubsole and Iorweth? Richard Ringwood, investigating, lays bare a network of animosities. The British Museum, a restaurant in Soho, a spinster's cottage and a West End flat inhabited by a voluptuous Cretan beauty are, in turn, to yield up the needed clues. Tension is relieved by a breath of comedy—light-hearted character drawing, bizarre crises. Shrubsole, Janet and Iorweth, as creations, entitle Miss Farrer to rank as an able novelist.

★ ★ ★

IN THE RIGHT TO MARRY (Methuen, 5s.) A. P. Herbert discusses one of the questions of our day—what is, or should be, the Church of England's attitude to the re-marriage of divorced persons? What of the "innocent" party who, wishing to rebuild his or her life through a truer union than the one which has failed, desires to be married in church? The matter—which, I feel, is too controversial to be discussed in a brief review—has been very carefully studied by Sir Alan; who, though he makes clear his own point of view (he is against the "rigorist" attitude) gives a temperate hearing to other voices. He, who already has done so much to dispel the fog which used to surround divorce, evidently deserves to be listened to; as always, he keeps a sane balance between idealism and realism. Ultimately, his plea is for charity, in the sense that Christians are bidden to understand it.



FATHER AND SON WITH "WINGS": Capt. G. R. Buxton, one of B.O.A.C.'s senior Stratocruiser pilots, and Flying Officer G. J. Buxton, a member of No. 202 Squadron, R.A.F., photographed together at London Airport



Bective Rangers XV. Back row: M. Cullen, D. Shanaghan, M. Sheehan, F. O'Rourke (past president), P. O'Donoghue, S. Rigney, B. Guerin. Seated: J. Murphy-O'Connor, D. Ridge, N. Moore, T. O'Brien, M. Mortell, J. Molloy, B. Keogh. In front: J. Horne, M. Kenny

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

BECTIVE RANGERS

LOOKING back over a period embracing more than seventy years, the story of Bective Rangers is one of fine achievement and tradition befitting one of the oldest clubs in Ireland. It was founded in 1881—two years after the formation of the Irish Rugby Union—by a number of former students of the now long extinct Bective College, Dublin, under the College title. However, a few years later its constitution was changed from an Old Boys' club and it received its present name.

The first president was R. N. Tabuteau, and prominently associated with the club in its earliest years were members of the Du Cros family, with both Sir Arthur and his son in the list of past presidents. Other pioneers include R. J. Henchy, R. S. Montgomery, T. J. Atkinson, C. C. Haughton and I. McFarland, secretary for many years. After occupying various grounds the club eventually settled down in its present fine enclosure at historic Donnybrook, now a pleasant suburb of Dublin, but once the scene of the ancient and notorious Donnybrook Fair.

FROM the time J. Waites was capped for Ireland in 1886, to the 6 ft. 4 in. "Jim" Murphy-O'Connor, who played at Twickenham last week, sixty-eight Bective men have been considered worthy to wear the green jersey, names recalling many great players across the years. Perhaps the most famous was Louis Magee, one of the greatest half-backs in Irish Rugby, who captained the Triple Crown team of 1899. Other distinguished internationals include John O'Connor, later president of the Irish Rugby Union, James Farrell, the possessor of twenty-nine caps, George Collopy and his two sons, William and Richard, and M. Mortell, the present Bective skipper.

Turning over the pages of the old records it would appear the best team to represent the Rangers was that of 1923, which included seven internationals and five Province or trial players. This fine side won the Bateman Cup and the Leinster Senior Cup, the latter trophy having since been won on nine occasions, the last time in 1935.

LIKE all other clubs, Bective has passed through many vicissitudes, and after a lean period extending over several years it has now regained much of its former renown, successfully pursuing the policy of playing bright and open Rugby, under M. Mortell, who has succeeded T. O'Brien as captain. The revival of its playing fortunes is largely due to the coaching scheme initiated by former players Des O'Connor and Owen Lysaght.

It is not only on the playing field that Bective has served Irish Rugby. In the administrative work of the Irish Rugby Union and the Leinster branch old players, such as the late John O'Connor, W. G. Fallon, W. P. Collopy, W. A. Daish, E. C. Powell, D. J. O'Connor, the president of the club, T. A. Brindley and L. Lysaght, have rendered valuable service to the game.

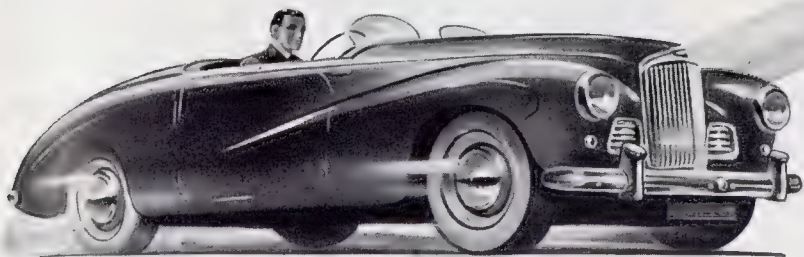
GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SINCE Philips Electric entered the field of gramophone records just over a year ago the duty of orchestral accompaniment has in the main, in this country, fallen to Wally Stott and his Orchestra. While it is difficult to maintain an initially good high standard all the time, I have no hesitation in saying that at his best Wally Stott embellishes the work of those fortunate soloists he accompanies in a way second to none on records.

But that is not all. Mr. Stott has the intelligence and natural ability to know the difference between accompanying and taking the lead, as his versions of the theme music from *The Glenn Miller Story* and *Footsteps In The Fog* show. This is not the contrived performance of an orchestra leader who has suddenly been let loose in a recording studio, and whose one idea is to present his own ego in the biggest possible way. It is a thoroughly workmanlike, polished recording, and a lesson to many now entrusted with similar duties, but who unlike Wally Stott have yet to learn the difference between chalk and cheese. (Philips PB. 229.)

Robert Tredinnick

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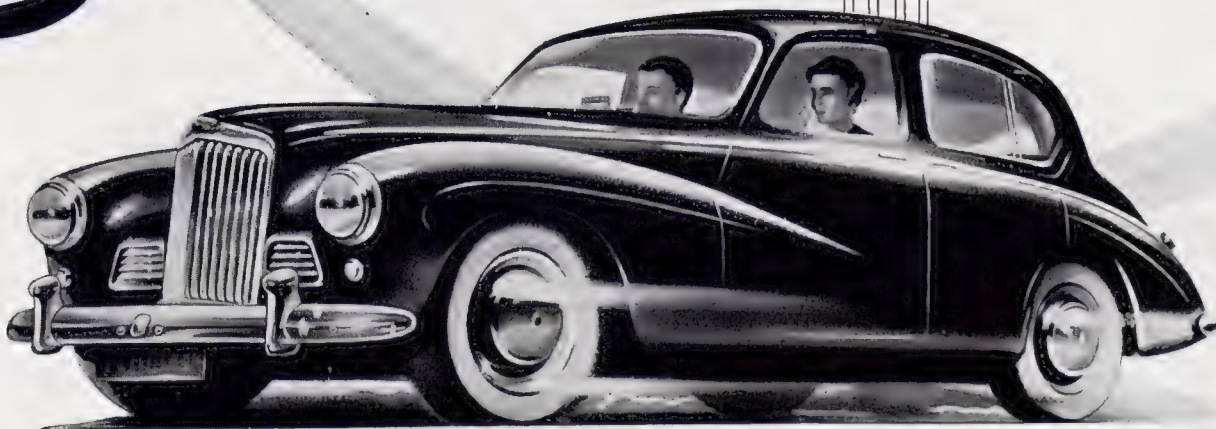
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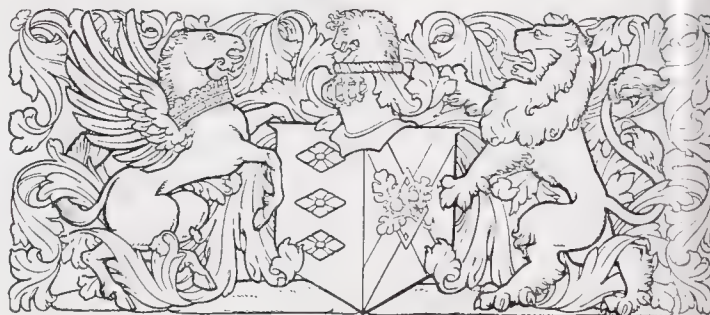
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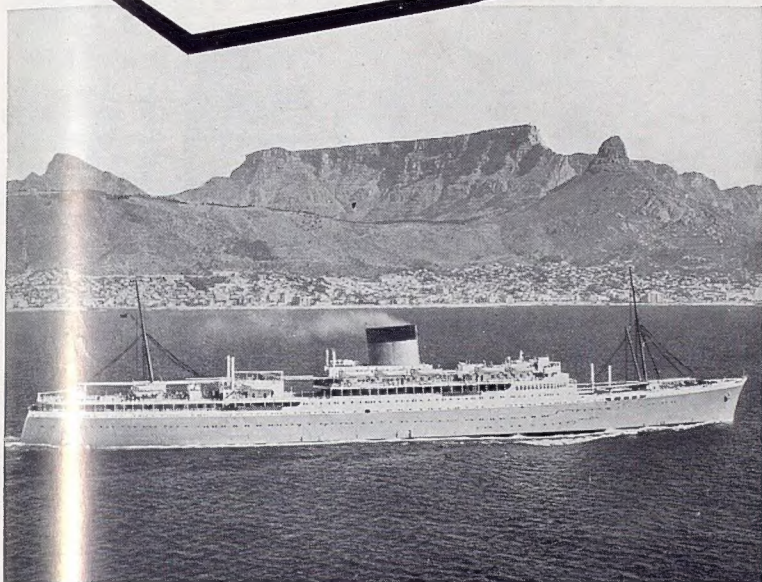
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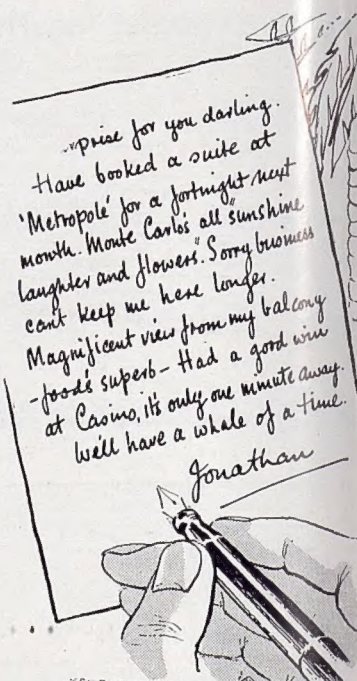
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